

A NEW SONG,

By DOMINE LINGO,

*On a certain intended Threatening Address to
the People of England.*

This Ballad is addressed to every True-hearted Englishman.

Tune—*Amo, Amas, I lov'd a lass*—

GOOD lack! good lack! what's all this clack
That these Mounseers are making?
But soon or late we'll stop their prate,
And turn all their threats to quaking.

CHORUS.

Horus quorus, oh, what a chorus!
Was ever heard such squabbling!
Ah, sure there's a *Fox* among these *Geese*,
Or we ne'er shou'd hear such gabbling.

But hush, my boys, now *Shovelin* comes
To make us a fine oration,
He knows that Pitt has too much wit
To listen to French peroration.

Horus quorus, &c.

This being the case, this dog has the face
To say, he'll address the Nation:
He thinks to deceive us, and then to lead us,
Like his country-men, all to d—n—n.

Horus quorus, &c.

But sure such lingo is not the sting
To suit a true British palate; [hell
John knows when he's well, and won't send his soul to
For *frogs*, *soup-meagre*, or fallad.

Horus quorus, &c.

Now as for their *Tree* of sweet Liberty,
'Bout which such a *Rumpus* they're making,
Between you and I, 'tis but all my eye,
Fit to catch only fools that stand ga—ping.

Horus, quorus, &c.

But the old Lion's paw shall soon stop the jaw
Of these Sons of Revolution;
So let's be of good cheer, and drink plenty of beer,
To our good King and dear Constitution.

Horus quorus, &c.

And now I'll give you a *special* Toast to make your
Ale drink the sweeter—"Here's, May the British Lion
"never be debauch'd with Plaister of *Paris*."

God save the King.

SOUND Trumpets, beat your Drums,
See our lov'd Sov'reign comes,

Long may he reign,

O! may his Virtues find
True Friends in all Mankind;
Sure he's by Heav'n design'd

All Hearts to gain.

See proud France threat'ning stands,
'Midst all her fire-brands,

Vomiting flame!

Soon shall her Insolence
Sink into Impotence,
Britannia's sure Defence

Is George's Name.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his Enemies,

And make them fall;

Cause civil Broils to cease,
Commerce and Trade t'increase,
With Safety, Joy, and Peace,

God bless us all!

Bounteous to this bless'd Isle,
On our lov'd Sov'reign smile,

With mildest Rays;

O let thy Light Divine,
On Brunswick's royal Line,
With fadeless Lustre shine,

To latest Days!

CHORUS.

God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,

God save the King;

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,

God save the King.